



and feathers, do not always serve to emphasize it; rather, they conceal it, so that one who seeks the bird-motif must use both imagination and diligence, or it will elude the quest.

The hats of the season are the toque and the Tam o' Shanter, and they appear in furs mostly. The bird-motif is not always in the materials of which they are made, but rather in the way they rest on the head—not like the leaf hats of former years, but with the dainty solidity of a bird resting momentarily on a branch.

The toques are in sealskin and in ermine and moleskin. On one sealskin toque rests an epaulet, its heavy gilt bullion fringe just reaching to the edge of the tight-rolled brim—a daring conceit, but successful because of its very audacity. Moleskin—not the woolen fabric that for time out of mind the English farm laborer has used for his working suit, but the veritable fur of the little animal that spoils our lawns—is made up with ermine into a toque, the soft gray of the moleskin combining harmoniously with it.

The Tam o' Shanter of the year is glorified, vastly different from the cap that Burns's poem made famous, a Tam that bridesmaids may wear, in many materials, and with all kinds of decorative attachments and adornments. Miss Goelet's bridesmaids at her wedding to the Duke of Roxburgh wore Tams of sable and bright-colored velvets, surmounted by aigrettes; and there are other Tams in ermine and blue velvet, with white plumes, and Tams of lace, set around under the crown with bands of June rosebuds and a profusion of pink ribbons.

There are modified Gainsboroughs in many materials. One of them, in two shades of fur, appears in our illustration; and it carries the bird and carries out the bird suggestion in its shape and appearance. Besides this, there are other Gainsboroughs, flatter than the original depicted in the artist's famous picture of the Duchess of Devonshire, but still bearing the distinctive mark of the favorite hat. Green is the especial color of the new hats, and is to be found in almost every model imported from Paris; and with it goes fur in greater or less degree. One Gainsborough shows what might be called a thread of brown fur peeping out from the laces and ribbons of brim and crown, set off by a drooping bow in the fashionable green.

In the sailor shape is a hat of gray moiré, strapped with chin-chilla, and having sable around the crown, while a shaded plume of feathers laid across the back breaks the severe lines of the true sailor hat, again reverting to the bird-idea of curved and sweeping lines. There is nothing harsh about the new hats; they are all grace and charm, with long curves and outlines. The hair is dressed to conform to the same idea. At the beginning of the season, one of the fashionable hats required the wearer to draw her hair forward tightly and braid it low on the crown of the head; but now it may be arranged loosely, high or low, and either style agrees with the new hats.



## The Bird Hat of 1903-4



ON the head of a young and beautiful Sister of Charity, whose bonnet had been blown off just as he passed, Louis XIV of France dropped his handkerchief; and the shape taken by the royal scarf is repeated to this day in the curious-shaped hood of the wide-spread order. Not so long ago a man sat in a park and saw a leaf fall. The shape in which it was curled suggested to him a new idea for a woman's hat. He took the leaf home, worked out the idea, and from the design evolved he realized sixty thousand dollars.

Perhaps there is a king or a leaf or something similar behind the hat which appears to be above all others the hat of the winter. Last year and the year before, it was the picture hat, enormous and shading the face like a heavy frame surrounding a painting, capable of lifting with the wind or of saving the wearer from drowning, as it is recorded to have done in one instance. This year it is a fanciful extravaganza in colors, the grace and sweeping charm of the bird. The bird itself is not always visible, but the suggestion of it is there, if you look for it. Of course furs and laces, ribbons

## The Crow that Could Sing. A Fable

By W. Bob Holland

A CROW one time complained regarding his voice. "I am a beautiful object in many ways," the bird said, "but my vocal equipment is all to the bad. My voice is as harsh as a nutmeg grater and when I speak I tear the atmosphere into such shreds that it resembles a patent breakfast food made of misguided hopes and faded lime splashes. If I could only lift my voice in a limpid lilt I would be the most popular thing that wears feathers."

The crow finally appealed to Jupiter, and in answer to his plea was given a vocal range that extended from the engine room in the sub-basement to the decorations on the ceiling over the gallery. It had more curves in it than a mountain railroad and was as flexible as a politician's promises.

Then the crow flew around over the face of the earth with his lyre tuned and humming, knocking all sorts of music out of that ancient institution known as the welkin. Tunes flowed from the crow like advice from a chronic and persistent failure, and all who heard were made glad.

The crow thus attracted the attention of a man who loved music and who possessed a selfish soul. The man set a trap which caught the crow. The unhappy bird, its wings clipped and a chain around its hind foot, was kept in a conservatory where the air was so hot and damp that the crow's pipes rusted.

Moral: The possession of great talents is of small value if unallied with judgment or a good manager.

There are other singers who should receive similar treatment.

Talking done for effect rarely has any.

